Cla. We know thy charge Brokenbury, and will obey.
Glo. We are the Queenes abiects and muſt obey.
Brother farewell, I will vnto the King,
And whatſoeuer you will imploy me in,
Were it to call King Edwards widow ſiſter,
I will performe it to infranchiſe you.
Meane time this deepe diſgrace in brotherhood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.
Cla. I know it pleaſeth neither of vs well.
Glo. Well, your impriſonment ſhall not be long,
I will deliuer you or lie for you,
Meane time haue patience.
Cla. I muſt perforce, farewell. *Exit Cla.*
Glo. Go tread the path that thou ſhalt neare returne,
Simple plaine Clarence, I do loue thee ſo,
That I will ſhortly ſend thy ſoule to heauen,
If heauen will take the preſent at our hands:
But who comes here, the new deliuered Haſtings?
Enter Lord Haſtings.

Haſt. Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord.
Glo. As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine:
Well are you welcome to the open aire,
How hath your Lordſhip brookt impriſonment?
Haſt. With patience (noble Lord) as priſoners muſt:
But I ſhall liue my lord to giue them thankes,
That were the cauſe of my impriſonment.
Glo. No doubt, no doubt, and ſo ſhall Clarence too,
For they that were your enemies are his,
And haue preuaild as much on him as you.
Haſt. More pittie that the Eagle ſhould be mewed,
While kights and buſſards prey at liberty.
Glo. What newes abroad?
Haſt. No newes ſo bad abroad, as this at home:
The king is ſickly, weake and melancholy,
And his Phiſitions feare him mightily.
Glo. Now by Saint Paul this newes is bad indeed,
Oh he hath kept an euill diet long,
And ouermuch conſumed his royall perſon,

Tis

Tis very greeuous to
What is he in his bed
Haſt. He is.
Glo. Go you befor
He cannot liue I hop
Till George be packt
Ile in to vrge his hatr
With lies well ſteeld
And if I faile not in
Clarence hath not an
Which done, God tak
And leaue the world
For then Ile marrie W
What though I kild
The readieſt way to
Is to become her husb
The which will I, not
As for another ſecret
By marrying her whi
But yet I run before
Clarence ſtill breathes
When they are gone,
Enter Lady Anne
Lady An. Sit dow
If honor may be ſhro
Whileſt I a while obſe
The vntimely fall of
Poore kei-cold figure
Pale aſhes of the houſ
Thou bloudleſſe remn
Be it lawfull that I inu
To heare the lamenta
Wife to thy Edward,
Stabd by the ſelfeſame
Loe in thoſe windows
I powre the helpleſſe
Curſt be the hand tha
Curſt be the heart tha

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